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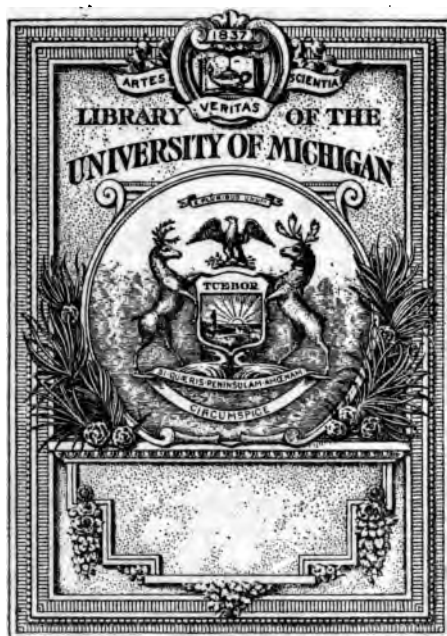
LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ORTON H. CARMICHAEL

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LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

"For a moment Lincoln, towering up in his unusual height, stood silent, his hands clasped, his head bowed. Then he lifted his face to the vast concourse of people, and in that high pitched tenor voice so familiar to those who had heard him speak in the out-of-door political gatherings in Illinois, a voice that carried his words to the outer edges of the great crowd, he gave his now immortal Address." Page 67.



LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

**BY
ORTON H. CARMICHAEL**



**THE ABINGDON PRESS
NEW YORK CINCINNATI**



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**First Edition Printed February, 1917
Reprinted January, 1919**

DEDICATED

**TO ALL THOSE WHO LOVE THE GREAT
LINCOLN AND WHO BELIEVE THAT AT
GETTYSBURG HE VOICED THE MESSAGE
OF AMERICA TO THE WORLD.**

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FOREWORD

FEW literary productions are more familiar to the American people, or more highly prized by them, than is the address which was made by President Lincoln at the dedication of the Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg. Programs on innumerable occasions are felt hardly to be complete unless they include a reading of this speech, some recognition of it is found in the courses of study of almost every public school in the land, and with a frequency not true of any other American utterance it is inscribed upon the walls of colleges and universities.

But notwithstanding the popularity of the address, erroneous ideas widely prevail touching the time and place of its composition, as well as regarding the reception which was accorded its delivery. Some recent popular books, unhistorical in character and perhaps not purposed by their authors to be otherwise considered, have tended to confirm many misleading impressions.

This little volume is the result of an at-

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tempt to state briefly in logical order such well-attested facts, both old and new, as bear upon the writing, the delivery and the revision of this address by Mr. Lincoln, together with an account of some of the incidents and circumstances connected with his visit to Gettysburg at the time the address was made.

Without attempting to name all those to whom we are indebted, we desire to express our thanks to Mr. Clarence L. Hay and to Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney for information regarding the manuscripts of the Gettysburg address which were presented by President Lincoln to their father, the Hon. John Hay; to Mr. Jesse W. Weik of Greencastle, Indiana, for data concerning Lincoln documents; to Mr. Daniel Chester French for a photograph of his well-known work of art, "Lincoln at Gettysburg"; to W. H. Tipton, the veteran photographer of Gettysburg, and to G. Cornwell Taylor, of the same place, for several photographs; to Samuel M. Ralston, Governor of Indiana, and to Martin A. Morrison, Member of Congress from the same State, for their kind offices in securing

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access to original sources of information; and to Colonel John P. Nicholson, chairman of the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission, for kindly reviewing the manuscript.

Acknowledgment is also made of the kindness of Houghton Mifflin Company, for permission to use some paragraphs from their *Life of John Hay*, by Thayer; to the Century Company, for permission to quote from Nicolay's article, "Lincoln at Gettysburg," in the *Century Magazine*, February, 1894; and to the Review of Reviews Company, for permission to use a copyrighted photograph from their *Photographic History of the Civil War*.

IN AN ESPECIAL WAY WE DESIRE TO ACKNOWLEDGE OUR VERY GREAT INDEBTEDNESS TO THE REV. FRANKLIN ELLSWORTH TAYLOR, MINISTER IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA. MR. TAYLOR IS AN ARDENT LOVER OF LINCOLN AND A STUDENT OF LOCAL HISTORY AND TRADITION, AND THE ASSISTANCE WHICH HE WAS ABLE TO RENDER IN THE PREPARATION OF THIS LITTLE VOLUME WAS ALTOGETHER INVALUABLE.

CHAPTER I

THE BACKGROUND OF HISTORY

I

THE most familiar figure of history is the crowned ruler, the pharaoh, the Cæsar, the emperor, the king who clothes himself with rich and gorgeous robes, who separates himself from the multitudes lest they should think that he shared with them some common quality, who hedges himself about with the claims of divinity and assumes for himself an authority to rule which none may safely presume to question.

The miracle of history is found in the meek submission of millions through the centuries to the self-assumed authority of this mortal god who commands them to create by their toil a wealth which they are not to possess, to build palaces in which they are not to dwell, to erect tombs in which they are not to be buried, to fight for causes which they are

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not permitted to understand, and to die on bloody battlefields for a glory of which they are not to be partakers.

Parallel, however, with the assumption of the divine right of kings to rule there has been, down the years, the noble protest of rare and lonely spirits. But through long eras of history the voice that was lifted in objection was drowned by the clamorous claims of nobility, and the hand that was raised in protest was crushed by the mailed arm of military power. Even in the great Greek and Roman periods of enlightenment, popular government, in the true sense of the word, did not exist.

Historians are generally agreed that pure representative government originated among the Teutonic tribes which dwelt in the forest regions of central Europe. The history of European politics for two thousand years is fundamentally a history of the conflict between this Teutonic idea that government derives its authority from the consent of the governed, and the Roman idea of the divine right of kings. In the end the theory of the Cæsars largely triumphed upon the Conti-

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nent even in the land where representative government had its birth.

The Teutonic idea was carried by the Germans into England and there the conflict between that idea and the Roman idea, though not less bitter than the conflict upon the Continent, ended differently. Through all those early centuries of their history the English people spoke more openly and contended more successfully for popular rights. In 1215 the infuriated barons forced King John to meet them on that green meadow by the Thames, twenty miles west of London, and there compelled him to sign the Magna Charta. The wings of royalty were clipped at Runnymede, for in that great charter was written the principle that there cannot be taxation without representation. This is one of the two great fundamental principles upon which popular government can be built. A half century later the people gained from King Edward the more comprehensive principle, the right of representation on the ground that "what concerns all must be approved by all."

Although these two basic principles of

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democracy were written into the English constitution in the thirteenth century, the English people have not been able wholly to free themselves from a past of royal traditions and translate them fully into the law and life of the empire.

II

The flower of popular government was transplanted to the New World, where in a virgin soil and in an atmosphere free from the traditions of the past, it grew more naturally and blossomed more fully.

It was not their respect for the crowned heads of the Old World that led the Pilgrim Fathers to cross the sea. The opposite was true. They were hoping to find in the New World a freedom which the Old World did not give, and as the years went by, the conditions that made up their new life worked in them and in their children a perfect change. The wide Atlantic which they had crossed in a slow sailing ship made European thrones seem remote, and in that remoteness those thrones lost for them their traditional claims and authority. The great forests, the vast

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continental areas, the unrestraint of their daily life caused the assumptions of royalty to appear absurd. The American pioneer, too, read in the evening his Bible, and in its cherished pages he found no word of the divinity of kings, but much of the divinity of man; he found nothing there of the superiority of the few, but much of the worth of the individual, and much of the equality and brotherhood of men.

All this, in the course of human events, resulted in the meeting of that group of earnest men from the seaboard colonies at Philadelphia, in 1776, who affixed their names to Jefferson's immortal document which declared, as a self-evident truth, that all men are created equal, and that the American colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

The splendid visions and the masterful efforts of these men of the Revolutionary period, and of the constitutional period which immediately followed it, are worthily reflected in the purposes and sacrifices of Washington. Through fiery trial, but with unflinching zeal, led on by visions of a new

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order and a new era, these men set up at last on the shores of the Western world a government by the people.

III

From the beginning, however, there was in the American experiment an element that stood in the way of the fullest development of popular government. The Union was made up of individual States and in many instances, because of difference of interests, differences of religion, differences of nationality and of tradition, the individuality of the States was thoroughly emphasized. Divergent views at length arose as to whether the States, or the people of the States, constituted the proper units of the Union. Sometimes it was New England, and sometimes it was South Carolina that emphasized the importance of the State; for fifty years that debate went on in American political life without a conclusion. The problem at last became inseparably intertwined with the question of African slavery, against which the stars in their courses fought, and the result was the Civil War of the sixties.

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At this point Abraham Lincoln enters upon the stage, and the part he plays in the great drama is best appreciated when seen with a background, not simply of American political history, but of world-history wherein is told man's long struggle for popular government.

It has been said that slavery was the cause of the Civil War. It has been said too that the doctrine of State Rights precipitated the conflict. To Lincoln, the supreme question at issue was that of the survival of popular government. It was the question whether a minority representing a local opinion was, or was not, to submit to the voice and the will of the majority.

Lincoln was aware that majorities were not always right and that minorities were not always wrong. He believed in considering to the fullest the rights of minorities, and in free speech and free discussion whereby minorities might at any time be converted into majorities. But he held that popular government could exist among men only when the voice of the majority prevailed.

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In May, 1861, Lincoln made a statement to his secretary, John Hay, which the young man fortunately preserved in his diary: "For my own part I consider the central idea prevailing in this struggle is the necessity that is upon us of proving that popular government is not an absurdity. We must settle that question now, whether, in a free government, the minority have a right to break up the government whenever they choose. If we fail, it will go far to prove the incapability of the people to govern themselves. Taking the government as we found it, we will see if the majority can preserve it."

Lincoln's whole nature rebelled against the idea of human slavery, yet in his famous letter to Horace Greeley he said that he would preserve slavery if by so doing he could save the Union; and with him saving the Union was synonymous with preserving a government of the people.

It was a hard fate that put at the head of affairs in the hour of bitterness and strife this tender-hearted man who could not hear the troubled cry of little birds in the rain without attempting to relieve their distress. Yet

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through four red years he spoke the word, as necessity demanded, that robbed ten thousand homes of their boys and sent them forth to a hundred battlefields to suffer and to die. His stalwart shoulders bent beneath the cruel load which duty imposed, his face grew thin and haggard, his heart ached, but did not fail him as through the storm he held the ship to its course.

When Stanton saw the dying Lincoln on the night of April 14, 1865, in the house on Tenth Street, his breast and shoulders bared, he called the attention of those about the bed to the President's arms which were the arms of a giant. Those sinews grew when he swung the ax in the woods of Indiana and the beetle in the rail-splitting days in Illinois. By his very physical make-up, as well as by all the associations and all the fundamental interests and sympathies of his life, he was inseparably linked with the life of the common people. And he suffered and strove to preserve in the New World a government of the people not for its own sake, but because he believed that it was under such a government that the common people were

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able to obtain, in the largest measure, the privileges of life, and to find the widest doors for the freest and fullest self-expression and self-development.

IV

The great war had gone on through anxious and bloody years and there had been no decisive result. Lee, at length, in the summer of 1863, determined to strike a fatal blow by leading his victorious army into the very heart of the North. He crossed the Potomac and moved northward; Meade and the Union Army followed. In southern Pennsylvania, eight miles from the Maryland line, was Gettysburg. This little Scotch-Irish village of twenty-three hundred people, with its red brick homes and its whitewashed fences set in a landscape of fertile fields and of wooded hills, had been for decades the scene of rural peace and of quiet prosperity. Out from this village radiated a dozen roads, as spokes from the hub of a wheel, reaching to almost every point of the compass. Lee, who was in southern Pennsylvania, and Meade, who was in northern

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Maryland, in trying to locate each other, and also in attempting to concentrate their scattered forces, moved their divisions along these converging roads. On the first of July, unexpectedly to both, the two armies were thrown together in a titanic struggle at Gettysburg. For three days the battle raged. Unsurpassed heroism marked the fighting on both sides, and death reaped a frightful harvest.

In the late afternoon of July 3, on the wooded slope that marks the western margin of the battlefield, where now stands the monument of Virginia, General Lee, despair written in every line of his care-worn but noble face, leaned heavily upon his faithful horse and whispered in broken accents: "It is too bad. Oh, it is too bad." On the open field a mile in front of him, thousands of his gray-clad soldier boys lay dead. Pickett had made his immortal charge, and it had failed. The gray ranks had swept on like ocean waves that with even crests moved proudly forward, but they had struck the unyielding barriers of the Union defense on Cemetery Hill, and had been hurled back broken and

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spent. The high-water mark of the Rebellion had been reached, and the story of the Confederacy from that time forward is the story of an ebbing tide.

Pickett, in that dark hour, wrote his sweetheart back in Virginia: "Our foe believes, as we do, that our cause is lost."

Both Lee and Pickett prophetically saw in the gloom of defeat what a Southern poet, in the light which the years have brought, more clearly discerned:

In vain the Tennessean set
His breast against the bayonet;
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet.

Above the bayonets mixed and crossed
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battlecloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death cry of a nation lost.

The brave went down! without disgrace
They leaped to ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunder wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face.



"WE CAN NEVER FORGET WHAT THEY DID HERE"

"Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg," from Rothermel's great painting made for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which is now in the museum at the Capitol at Harrisburg.



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They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand.
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of motherland.

The war went on. The battles of Cold Harbor, and the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania were afterward fought, and Sherman made his march to the sea. But after the failure of Pickett's charge on July 3, at Gettysburg, Appomattox was inevitable.

Gettysburg was decisive in the American Civil War; it was decisive too in that century-long world-struggle for popular government.

CHAPTER II

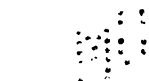
THE STORY OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY

WHEN the Union Army, immediately after the battle, moved southward in pursuit of the retreating forces of Lee, more than twenty thousand wounded soldiers, seven thousand of whom were Confederates, were left behind at Gettysburg. To properly provide for this large number of men, most of whom were in need of immediate attention, the medical department of the army was wholly inadequate. Churches, public buildings, private homes, and barns in the country along Rock Creek and Willoughby's Run were turned into temporary hospitals, and all the resources both of hand and heart of the little village were taxed to the utmost. Shortly after the battle, Governor Curtin, the energetic executive of Pennsylvania, visited the scene to give such relief as the State had to offer. Before returning to Harrisburg he appointed David Wills, a prominent and public-spirited citizen of Gettysburg, to



MR. DAVID WILLS

Who first suggested the idea of a National Cemetery at Gettysburg



THE NATIONAL CEMETERY

act as the representative of the State, and authorized him to meet the unusual conditions in the most effective way that his judgment dictated.

Among the many problems calling for an early solution was the burial of the soldiers who were daily dying in the temporary hospitals of the town. The problem presented by the deplorable condition of the graves of those who had fallen in the conflict also called for immediate attention.

The battle had been fought in the sweltering heat of early July, and sanitary, as well as military, necessity required the burial of the dead at the places where they had fallen. The Confederate Army withdrew on the night of July third; in the pouring rain of the Fourth, parties made up of both soldiers and citizens were sent out to bury those who lay exposed upon the field. The result was that the countryside was dotted with more than five thousand shallow and inadequate graves. By McPherson's woods, where the Iron Brigade made good its slogan, "We have come to stay," there were long trenches filled with dead. There were rows of graves

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in the Wheatfield, and along the fences by the Peach Orchard, and on the edge of the woods back of the Devil's Den. There were graves on the slopes of Culp's Hill, and in the low places by Rock Creek, and in the woods about Spangler's Spring and along the hedges and broken stone walls of the cultivated fields of Cemetery Ridge.

In the low ground of the Valley of Death at the foot of the Round Tops, weeks after the battle, hands and shoes protruded from graves too thinly covered. Brady, the war photographer, when at Gettysburg late in November, found among the rocks of Devil's Den the body of a sharpshooter, his rusty rifle still beside him, lying undisturbed where he had fallen four months before. Forty years after the battle a skeleton was found in the undergrowth of an unfrequented part of the field where some wounded soldier had crept for shelter.

These conditions led Mr. Wills to write Governor Curtin, on July 17, advocating the purchase of a strip of ground to serve as a national cemetery to which the occupants of these scattered and unmarked graves might



"THE LAST FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION"

A photograph of the Wheatfield taken by Brady on July 5, 1863, before the burial parties arrived. The Wheatfield was the scene of some of the fiercest fighting between the forces of General Sickles and of General Longstreet on the afternoon of July 2.

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THE NATIONAL CEMETERY

be brought for proper interment, and where a suitable monument might afterward be erected to commemorate their heroism and their sacrifices. The governor approved the plan and authorized Mr. Wills to write to the governors of the seventeen States whose soldiers with those of Pennsylvania had taken part in the battle, asking for their cooperation. Fifteen of the governors replied signifying their approval of the plan suggested.

After some further correspondence, Mr. Wills purchased an irregular piece of ground containing seventeen acres adjoining the citizens' cemetery. The ground selected is one of the highest places of the field from which a sweeping view of the whole battle ground can be had. During the conflict this spot had formed the key to the Union line of defense and the many batteries stationed there had swept with a storm of iron the whole Confederate line. It had been too the target of the opponent's guns; its sward had been torn by shot and shell and its soil consecrated by the blood of the slain.

The ground selected was carefully plotted by a competent landscape gardener, the

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graves being arranged in great half-circles about a center where space was reserved as a site for a fitting monument. Some felt, and among them Mr. Wills, that as those who had died had fought for a common cause and had fallen side by side regardless of the geographical localities from which they had come, so now in this final resting place they should sleep side by side, no distinction as to their native States being made. There were those, however, who felt that the soldiers from each State should be buried together, and this idea in the end prevailed. The ground was divided into twenty-two sections: one for the soldiers of the regular army; three for those whose identity could not be discovered, and the remaining eighteen for the dead of the eighteen States whose soldiers had taken part in the battle.

Pennsylvania had the largest number of soldiers engaged in this conflict, but New York's section in the cemetery contains the greatest number of graves. Nearly one fourth of all those buried at Gettysburg came from the Empire State. Hundreds of the Pennsylvania soldiers who fell were from the

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vicinity, or from communities not far distant, and immediately after the battle friends claimed them and carried them back to sleep in village or country cemeteries amid the scenes of their youth. A less kindly fate befell those whose homes and whose friends were farther away.

The work of removing the bodies from the various parts of the battlefield to the cemetery began on October 27, and from fifty to sixty removals were made each day. This was carefully done under the direction of Mr. Wills, save in the case of Massachusetts, whose soldiers were moved by representatives sent to Gettysburg by the governor of that State.

As the plans for the cemetery more fully developed, it was felt desirable that ceremonies of an imposing character should mark the formal setting aside of this ground to its sacred use. Accordingly, arrangements were made for exercises of dedication to take place September 23. The Hon. Edward Everett, former governor of Massachusetts and recognized as one of the leading orators of the day, was invited to deliver the address. This was

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intended to be the chief feature of the program. Mr. Everett, however, in reply to the invitation extended by Mr. Wills, who acted for the Cemetery Commission, wrote that pressing duties would make it impossible for him to be present on the day named, but if a later date would meet with their convenience, he would gladly accede to their request. In view of work he had to do and of the time necessary to make adequate preparation for his address, he named November 19 as the earliest day that he could be present. This was accepted by the Commission as the date for the dedication.

Invitations to be present on this occasion were sent to the President and his Cabinet, and to many others prominent in public life. Among those invited was General George G. Meade, who commanded the Union Army at the battle of Gettysburg, but duties at the front made it necessary for him to decline.

Mr. Clark E. Carr, of Galesburg, Illinois' representative on the Commission which had the program of dedication in charge, says that in the invitation sent to Mr. Lincoln he was not asked to take part in the exercises of

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY

the day, as it was generally felt that the duties of the President at Washington at that time would make it impossible for him to be present; and, too, while the members of the Commission were aware that Mr. Lincoln was a successful speaker on the political platform, it did not occur to them that he was adapted to make an address such as the dedicatory ceremony demanded. A little later, however, the members of the Commission decided to ask Mr. Lincoln "to make a few dedicatory remarks." On November 2, six weeks after Mr. Everett had been invited, and only two weeks before the dedication, Mr. Wills, at the request of the Commission, sent the following letter to President Lincoln:

"The several States having soldiers in the Army of the Potomac, who were killed at the battle of Gettysburg, or have since died at various hospitals which were established in the vicinity, have procured grounds on a prominent part of the field for a cemetery, and are having the dead removed to them and properly buried. These grounds will be consecrated and set apart to this sacred purpose, by appropriate ceremonies, on Thurs-

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day, the 19th inst. Hon. Edward Everett will deliver the oration. I am authorized by the governors of the different States to invite you to be present and participate in these ceremonies, which will be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is the desire that after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the Nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks. It will be a source of great gratification to the many widows and orphans that have been made almost friendless by the great battle here, to have you here personally; and it will kindle anew in the breasts of the comrades of these brave dead, who are now in tented field or nobly meeting the foe in the front, a confidence that they who sleep in death on the battlefield are not forgotten by those highest in authority; and they will feel that, should their fate be the same, their remains will not be uncared for. We hope you will be able to be present to perform this last solemn act to the soldier-dead on this battlefield."

This letter is interesting, not simply because it is a link in a chain of important his-



THE LINCOLN ADDRESS MEMORIAL IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY

On one tablet is the letter of Mr. Wills inviting the President to attend the Dedictory Exercises; on the other side is the Gettysburg Address.



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THE NATIONAL CEMETERY

toric events, but because it is more than possible that some of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Wills suggested to Lincoln the line of thought which he followed in his great address.

Lincoln visited Antietam shortly after the battle. He went to Petersburg several times while the army was there. He was among the first to enter the city of Richmond on its fall in the spring of 1865. It was but natural that he should desire to visit those places which had been the scenes of great events and which in anxious hours he had visited a thousand times in his thought.

Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania and Meade's movement northward in pursuit were watched by Lincoln with great anxiety. When at last the two great armies met at Gettysburg, with characteristic insight he felt that the battle would be decisive. It was the President's conviction that if Meade were defeated, the Union cause would be lost. Just how heavy upon him was the agony of suspense during those anxious days is, in a measure, revealed by a conversation of his, the authenticity of which has been vouched

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for by repeated declarations of General Daniel E. Sickles and of General James F. Rusling.

General Sickles was seriously wounded at Gettysburg and was taken at once to Washington. On Sunday, July 5, two days after the battle, Lincoln visited him at the hospital where he was being cared for. As a result of a conversation which led up to it, the President said to General Sickles, in the presence of General Rusling, "In the pinch of your campaign up there, when everybody seemed panic-stricken, and nobody could tell what was going to happen, oppressed by the gravity of our affairs, I went to my room one day, and I locked the door, and got down on my knees before Almighty God, and prayed to him mightily for victory at Gettysburg."

It is probable that Lincoln was desirous of visiting this Pennsylvania battlefield, over which his thought in those crucial days had so anxiously hovered, and when he received the invitation to take part in the exercises of the dedication of the cemetery there, he at once accepted. Unfortunately, his letter has been lost.

CHAPTER III

FROM WHITE HOUSE TO BATTLEFIELD

MR. STANTON, Secretary of War, notified Mr. Lincoln on November 17 that he had made arrangements for a special train over the Baltimore and Ohio Road to carry the President and his party to Gettysburg. The train was to leave Washington at six o'clock on Thursday, the day of the dedication, reaching Gettysburg at noon, thus giving the party two hours on the battlefield before the exercises were to begin.

The President was not wholly satisfied with this schedule and returned to Mr. Stanton his note with this written across the face: "I do not like this arrangement. I do not wish to so go that by the slightest accident we fail entirely: and, at best, the whole to be a running of the gauntlet. But any way."

Mr. Stanton acted upon this suggestion. The schedule was rearranged, and the train left Washington at noon on Wednesday, in-

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stead of on the morning of Thursday as originally planned.

The President was accompanied by three members of the Cabinet: Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, Mr. Usher, Secretary of Treasury, and Mr. Blair, Postmaster-General; also by Mr. Nicolay, his private secretary, and Mr. Hay, his assistant secretary. Among the guests were two foreign ministers, several legation secretaries, besides army officers, military guards of honor, members of the Marine Band and newspaper correspondents. Captain H. A. Wise, of the navy, and his wife, who was the daughter of Mr. Edward Everett, were also in the party.

The train was composed of four coaches drawn by a gaily decorated locomotive. The last coach was a directors' car, and one third was partitioned off in the rear into a separate compartment with seats arranged about the walls. When the train left Washington, Lincoln with others occupied this compartment.

Lieutenant Cochrane, of the Marine Corps, who accompanied the Marine Band, says that Lincoln's face on this occasion was

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drawn and sad, and that he appeared unusually quiet. He spent some time after the train started in reading the morning copy of the New York Herald, which Mr. Cochrane had furnished him. Later, as he looked out of the window over an arm of the Chesapeake Bay, the President commented upon the change which had taken place in the character of the shipping since the time he first saw those waters late in the autumn of 1847, when, as a newly elected Congressman from Illinois, he was making his first visit to the nation's capital.

Lincoln had not been in Baltimore since the night of February 23, 1861, when he passed through on his way to his first inaugural. It will be remembered that at that time he traveled on a train preceding by several hours that upon which he was expected. This arrangement was made at the suggestion of Mr. Seward to circumvent any act of violence, as it had been rumored for several days that a lawless band of Southern sympathizers in Baltimore had determined that the President-elect should not pass through that city alive. Baltimore was still a center

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of disloyalty, and as the Presidential train approached the city on its way to Gettysburg, Seward grew visibly uneasy. Nothing unusual happened, however. Only a few people were at the station when the cars were shifted from the Baltimore and Ohio to the Northern Central Road. The Second United States Artillery Band, one of the oldest and finest bands in the army, several military staffs with their suites, and others joined the party at Baltimore. Among this number was E. W. Andrews, chief of staff to General W. W. Morris, of the regular army, in command of the defenses of Baltimore. In his recollections of this occasion he states that he at once sought out Mr. Lincoln and conveyed to him the regrets of his chief, who on account of a physical disability was unable to attend the Gettysburg exercises. Something in what Mr. Andrews said suggested to Mr. Lincoln a humorous incident touching one of the army officers, which he told to Secretary Blair with much merriment. On board the train was a gentleman who was on his way to Gettysburg to visit the spot on Little Round Top where his boy had fallen

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in the battle. Lincoln expressed to him the fear that a visit to the scene of his son's death would but open anew the wound which his death caused. "Oh, my dear sir," said the President, "if we had reached the end of such sacrifices and had nothing left for us to do but to place garlands on the graves of those who have already fallen we could give thanks even in the midst of our tears. But there are sacrifices yet to be made before this dreadful war is over." John Hay in his recently published diary says that Wayne MacVeagh became engaged in conversation with the President on the journey and indulged in some rather radical talk regarding affairs in Missouri, but ceased when he realized that he had gone too far. Thus Lincoln mingled with the party and entered into conversation on subjects both light and serious as the time rapidly passed.

At Hanover Junction, forty-six miles from Baltimore, where the line to Gettysburg branches off from the Northern Central, they were to meet the train from Harrisburg bearing Governor Curtin and most of the governors of the other States who

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were to attend the exercises, and the whole party was to journey together over the remaining thirty-two miles to their destination. A slight accident, however, delayed the governor's train and the Presidential party proceeded alone, reaching Gettysburg about dark.

When Mr. Wills sent his official letter to Mr. Lincoln inviting him to take a part in the dedicatory exercises, he inclosed on a separate page a personal note in which he stated that as the hotels of the village would be crowded on that occasion, he desired Mr. Lincoln to come to his home and be entertained there during his stay, where Governor Curtin and the Hon. Edward Everett would be fellow guests.

When the train reached Gettysburg the President was escorted to the home of Mr. Wills, which was a substantial residence located on the Public Square in the heart of the little village.



THE HOME OF DAVID WILLS

Where Lincoln was entertained. Mr. Lincoln occupied rooms on the second floor, the windows of which are shown in the photograph. From the front steps the President briefly addressed a party of friends on the night of November 18, 1863, on the following afternoon a public reception was held here when the President received the people in the large hall into which the front opens. The house immediately adjoining the Wills home, to the right in the picture, was the home of Mr. R. G. Harper, editor of the Adams County Sentinel; Mr. William H. Seward was entertained at the Harper home on the night of November 18, and was visited during the evening by Mr. Lincoln.



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CHAPTER IV

THE NIGHT AT GETTYSBURG

THE village of Gettysburg was crowded with visitors on the night of the eighteenth. The Adams County Sentinel, the weekly newspaper of Gettysburg, in its issue of November 24, 1863, says: "The influx of strangers began on Monday, and the trains became heavier and heavier as the day of consecration approached. On Wednesday and Wednesday night trains arrived every few hours, swelling the crowds to immense proportions."

The people were drawn here primarily by the dedication exercises which were to take place on Thursday and by the large number of public men of national reputation, from the President down, who were announced to be present. But thousands came from a desire to see the battlefield, where still, on every hand, were striking and gruesome evidences of the bloody conflict of the preceding July. A local paper of November 24, 1863, in



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speaking of the condition of the field, says: "The ground about Cemetery Hill, Culp's Hill, the Round Top mountain, and the Taneytown road is yet strewn with the remains and relics of the fearful struggle. Ragged and muddy knapsacks, canteens, cups, haversacks, threadbare stockings trodden in the mud, old shoes, pistols, holsters, bayonet sheaths, and here and there fragments of gray and blue jackets—mournful and appealing mementos of the civil strife—are yet to be seen. Grave marks of unrecognized heroes are in every quarter of the field, and rows of graves range along the line of the stone or wooden fences which had afforded shelter to the sharpshooters. A



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selections. Soon a serenading party was formed and headed by a band of music went from place to place where distinguished guests were being entertained, and speeches were called for. Mr. Lincoln was visited at the Wills home. After the serenaders, prominent among whom was a company of college boys from the local Lutheran institution, had waited long, the evening meal being probably not finished, Lincoln appeared for a brief minute on the doorstep of the York Street entrance and made a few remarks.

The serenaders then went to the home of Mr. Harper, which was around the corner and faced the Public Square, where Mr. Seward was a guest. Mr. Seward responded at some length, dwelling in a general way upon the issues of the war, and expressing the hope of an early return of peace. Others were serenaded and the speech-making and the noise lasted until a late hour of the night.

The diary of John Hay contains a very vivid description of some of the events of that rather boisterous evening, and tends to give a very human setting to this historic incident:

“At Gettysburg the President went to

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Mr. Wills, who expected him, and our party broke up. MacVeagh, young Stanton, and I foraged around for awhile—walked out to the College, got a chafing dish of oysters, then some supper, and, finally, loafing around to the Courthouse, where Lamson was holding a meeting of marshals, we found Forney and went around to his place.”

“Forney was particularly bitter against Montgomery Blair; MacVeagh was telling him that he pitched into the President coming up and told him some truths. He said the President got a good deal of that, from time to time, and he needed it.”

“We went out after a while following the music to hear the serenades. The President appeared at the door, said a half-dozen words meaning nothing and went in. Seward, who was staying around the corner at Harper’s, was called out and spoke so indistinctly that I did not hear a word of what he was saying. We went to Forney’s room, having picked up Nicolay. Nicolay sang his little song of the ‘Three Thieves,’ and then we sang John Brown. At last we proposed that Forney should make a speech, and two or three

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started out to get a band to serenade him. I staid with him, as did Stanton and MacVeagh. He was still growling quietly, and I thought he was going to do something imprudent."

Then follows an account of the serenade and of Forney's speech, in which drollery and gravity mingled. When the people greeted him with shouts he said: "My friends, these are the first hearty cheers I have heard to-night. You gave no such cheers to your President down the street. Do you know what you owe to that great man? You owe your country, you owe your name as American citizens."

"After very much of this," Hay adds, "MacVeagh made a most touching and beautiful spurt of five minutes, and Judge Stevenson of Pennsylvania spoke effectively and acceptably to the people. We sang John Brown and went home."

The events of the evening, suggests Professor Thayer, form a sort of Shakespearian interlude of low comedy coming just before the stately, dramatic scene of consecration.

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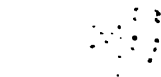
About nine o'clock Lincoln excused himself from the company in the parlor of the Wills home and went to his room on the second floor, the windows of which looked out upon the Public Square thronged at that time with a somewhat noisy crowd.

A single incident of the evening reveals the unfailing simplicity of Lincoln's nature and the native democracy of his spirit which was to have on the following day immortal expression. Mr. H. P. Bigham, now a resident of Altoona, Pennsylvania, lived at that time in the country five miles from Gettysburg. He was a member of Company B, Twenty-first Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, which had been recruited in the neighborhood of Gettysburg, and he was detailed to stand guard at the door of Mr. Lincoln's room in the Wills home. During the evening a telegram for Mr. Lincoln was received and Mr. Bigham knocked at the President's door and handed it to him. A few minutes later the door opened and Mr. Lincoln said to the guard, "That telegram was from home; my little boy is very sick, but is better." Rulers of nations have not



INTERIOR OF THE LINCOLN ROOM IN THE WILLS HOUSE

One of the rooms in the Wills house occupied by President Lincoln when he visited Gettysburg. The closing lines of the Address were probably written here.



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always felt it necessary to impart to common soldiers the contents of their private messages.

Somewhere between nine and ten o'clock Mr. Lincoln sent his colored servant downstairs requesting Mr. Wills to come to his room. When Mr. Wills went up, the President said that he had just seated himself to put on paper some remarks for to-morrow's exercises, and desired to know just what was expected of him. After a few minutes' talk, during which Mr. Wills fully explained the program for the next day and the part that the President was expected to take in it, he withdrew.

About eleven o'clock the President opened his door and inquired of the guard where Mr. Seward was staying. Thereupon Mr. Wills was again summoned, and learning that his guest desired to confer for a few minutes with Mr. Seward, he volunteered to bring the Secretary to the President's room. Mr. Lincoln replied that if Mr. Seward was at the house adjoining, he would go to him. Gathering up some of the sheets of paper upon which he had been writing, accom-

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panied by Mr. Wills and the guard, he went to Mr. Harper's home. Mr. Wills returned and the guard remained at the Harper door.

While Lincoln was conferring with Mr. Seward, presumably regarding the remarks he was to make at the exercises of the following day, a glee club from Baltimore engaged to take part in the dedicatory program, serenaded the President, singing several of the war songs popular at that time. This singing attracted a crowd, and when Lincoln finally appeared at the door, intending to return to his room, he found the sidewalk and the street in front of the Harper home crowded with people. Lincoln said to the guard, "You clear a way and I will hang onto your coat."

The President again entered his room and no further incident of the evening called him forth. The noise and the music of the street gradually lessened, but owing to the great crowd present, many of whom were unable to obtain lodgings, this country village did not experience that night its wonted quiet.

CHAPTER V

THE DAY OF DEDICATION

THE early dawn of the nineteenth was dark with threatening storm. A little later, however, the day broke clear and beautiful, and there was in the air that exhilarating tang so delightfully characteristic of late Pennsylvania autumns. The crowds, some of whom had slept on improvised beds on floors of dwellings and of public buildings, and some had not slept at all, were early astir. The visitors continued to arrive and, to quote the local newspapers of contemporary date, "The streets swarmed with people from all sections of the Union. The throngs of men and women, the large turnout of the military in their best trim, the flags floating in the breeze at innumerable points, all contributed to the making of a picture of rare and exciting interest."

About nine o'clock Mr. Nicolay, secretary to the President, went to the room in the

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Wills home occupied by Lincoln and found him at work upon the address which he was to deliver. He continued to write, so far as the many interruptions gave him opportunity, up to the time that it was necessary for him to take his place in the procession. As he wrote, bands were playing in the Public Square upon which the windows of his room opened, and bodies of soldiers and civic societies were marching and counter-marching to their allotted places in the line.

At ten o'clock Mr. Lincoln, dressed in black, wearing a tall silk hat and having white gauntlets upon his hands, passed out of the York Street door of the Wills home between two lines of soldiers, and mounted a medium sized bay horse which, according to popular tradition, was owned by Mr. Adam Rebert, a citizen of Gettysburg. The crowds at once closed in about him, and for a little while he was compelled to hold an impromptu reception. Mr. Lamon, marshal of the day, soon cleared the street and the procession started on its way to the Cemetery.

The Rev. W. A. Dickson, now a resident of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, as a small

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boy accompanied his father to Gettysburg to attend the exercises of the dedication. One of the incidents of that eventful day stands out fresh in his memory. As the Presidential party in the procession was passing through the Public Square on its way to Baltimore Street, a man standing close to the line held high in his arms his little girl dressed in white. Lincoln reached out his long arms, lifted the child to a place on the horse before him, kissed her, then handed her back to the happy father.

The procession was made up of several bands of music, including the Marine Band of Washington, the Second U. S. Artillery Band of Baltimore, the Birgfield Band of Philadelphia, the band of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, several military organizations, various officers of the army and their staffs. Immediately behind the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery came President Lincoln and the visiting members of his Cabinet on horseback, escorted by Marshal Ward B. Lamon with his aids and their staffs. Following these were the cemetery commissioners from the various States, also

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on horseback; then a visiting delegation from Baltimore, local lodges, the faculty and students of the Gettysburg College and Seminary, and citizens.

Mrs. John M. Young, now of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, granddaughter of the late R. G. Harper, of Gettysburg, at whose home Mr. Seward was entertained on the occasion of his visit there, says that after fifty years the thing that stands out most vividly in her memory of the dedication day is the picture of Lincoln on horseback in the procession, towering like Saul of old, from his shoulders up, above his fellows. A similar sentiment is expressed by others who, after the lapse of half a century, attempt to recall incidents and impressions of that distant day.

The line of march was up Baltimore Street, along which three months before the Union Army had retreated on the evening of the first day's fight, leaving the street strewn with their wounded and dead. The village of Gettysburg still retains visible scars of that three days' struggle. Solid shot are imbedded in brick walls, wooden fences are

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full of holes made by rifle bullets, buildings bear marks of the fragments of shells, and on grass-covered roadsides and fields depressions reveal where rifle pits and cannon lunettes once were. The only parts of the battlefield which Lincoln visited when at Gettysburg were those he passed over on his way from the Wills home to the Cemetery; but the wrecked fences, the broken trees, the open trenches which were to be seen on every hand must have brought back to him vividly the red strife whose frightful sacrifices were, day by day, to use his own language, "eating out his life."

Mr. Clark E. Carr rode just behind the Presidential party in the procession. He states that as they moved up Baltimore Street from the Public Square, Lincoln sat erect, handling with his gauntleted hands the reins of his horse with skill and grace, and that he looked the part of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, which he was; but as the procession moved on, his body leaned forward, his head was bowed, his arms hung limp and lifeless. To his friends of early years he appeared as in the old days

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when, as a lawyer, he rode the muddy highways of Illinois. He seemed absorbed in thought; again he was Atlas bearing upon his bent shoulders the burden of a nation.

The cemetery is on the edge of the village, about three fourths of a mile from the Public Square. The procession reached there at fifteen minutes after eleven o'clock. Practically on the spot now occupied by the National Monument a small platform had been erected, raised about three feet from the ground, and to this the President and his party were ushered. Lincoln occupied a high-backed rocking chair placed between the seat occupied by Secretary Seward and the one reserved for Mr. Everett.

Mr. Everett was a half hour late in arriving. In the meantime the bands played patriotic selections and a line of soldiers was thrown in a great circle about the crowd congregated near the stand, which was variously estimated as being from ten to fifteen thousand in number. Beyond the line of soldiers a vaster throng surged and jostled in an endeavor to get a view of the platform and its occupants.

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The formal program was opened by a dirge rendered by Birgfield's Band. This was followed by a prayer by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, chaplain of the United States Senate. The effort was eloquent and touching, though somewhat lengthy, and it was the embodiment rather of the spirit of patriotism and victory than of the spirit of humility and devotion. His closing words were: "Bless all the associations of this day and place and scene forever. As the trees are not dead though their foliage is gone, so our heroes are not dead though their forms have fallen. In their proper personality they are all with Thee; and the spirit of their example is here. It fills the air, it fills our hearts, and as long as time shall last it will hover in these skies and rest on these landscapes, and pilgrims of our own land, and of all lands, will thrill with its inspirations and increase and confirm their devotion to liberty, religion, and God."

The local Gettysburg paper in its issue following the dedication, in speaking of this part of the program, says: "During the offering of this most eloquent prayer profound

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silence prevailed and many were affected to tears. The President was evidently deeply moved and with the venerable statesman and patriot, Hon. Edward Everett, who was by his side, seemed not ashamed to let their sympathetic tears be seen."

The Marine Band then rendered a selection, after which letters of regret were read from General George G. Meade, General Winfield Scott, and others.

It was noon when Mr. Everett arose and spoke the opening words of his oration: "Standing beneath this serene sky, overlooking these broad fields now reposing from the labors of the waning year, the mighty Alleghanies towering before us, the graves of our brethren beneath our feet, it is with hesitation that I raise my poor voice to break the eloquent silence of God and nature."

His oration, which was prepared with great care, was modeled along classical lines and was delivered with oratorical grace and effectiveness. He traced at some length the movements of the two great armies up to the time that they met in the bloody conflict which raged amid the hills and across the

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quiet countryside now stretching before his eyes in the autumnal haze. For three days preceding the dedication, Mr. Everett had been a guest at the home of Mr. Wills, and had made himself familiar with all the details of the field and with all the military movements of the first three days of July. His oration furnished a vivid and picturesque description of the battle as it developed and as it ended. The latter half of his speech was a discussion of the political and economic causes that had led up to the war, and a clear presentation of the issue for which the Union armies were fighting.

It was nearly two o'clock when Mr. Everett reached the closing paragraph of his address: "God bless the Union; it is dearer to us for the blood of the brave men which has been shed in its defense. The spots on which they stood and fell; these pleasant heights; the fertile plain beneath them; the thriving village whose streets so lately rang with the strange din of war; the fields beyond the ridge where the noble Reynolds held the advancing foe at bay, and, while he gave up his own life assured by his forethought and self-

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sacrifice the triumph of the two succeeding days; the little streams which wind through the hills, on whose banks in after time the wondering plowman will turn up, with the rude weapons of savage warfare, the fearful missives of modern artillery; Seminary Ridge, the Peach Orchard, Cemetery, Culp and Wolf Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top—humble names henceforth dear and famous, no lapse of time, no distance of space, shall cause you to be forgotten. ‘The whole earth,’ said Pericles, as he stood over the remains of his fellow citizens who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian War, ‘the whole earth is the sepulcher of illustrious men.’ All time, he might have added, is the millennium of their glory. Surely I will not do injustice to the other noble achievements of the war, which have reflected such honor on both arms of the service, and have entitled the armies and the navy of the United States, their officers and men, to the warmest thanks and the richest rewards which a grateful people can pay. But they, I am sure, will join us in saying, as we bid farewell to the dust of these martyr-

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heroes, wheresoever throughout the civilized world the accounts of this great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country there will be no brighter page than that which relates **THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG.**"

A hymn composed for the occasion by Mr. B. B. French, of Washington, was then sung by the Baltimore Glee Club:

"Tis holy ground—

This spot where in their graves
We place our country's braves,
Who fell in Freedom's holy cause,
Fighting for liberties and laws;
Let tears abound.

Here let them rest;
And summer's heat and winter's cold
Shall grow and freeze above this mold,
A thousand years shall pass away,
A nation still shall mourn this clay,
Which now is blest.

Here, where they fell,
Oft shall the widow's tear be shed,
Oft shall fond parents mourn their dead;
The orphan here shall kneel and weep,
And maidens, where their lovers sleep,
Their woes shall tell.

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Great God in heaven!
Shall all this sacred blood be shed?
Shall we thus mourn our glorious dead?
O! shall the end be wrath and woe,
The knell of Freedom's overthrow,
A country riven?

It will not be!
We trust, O God, thy gracious power
To aid us in our darkest hour.
This be our prayer—"Father, save
A people's freedom from its grave,
All praise to Thee."

As Lincoln sat upon the platform the battlefield spread out before him in a panorama, and one feels safe in the conclusion that during the two or three hours that he was there the localities which had figured conspicuously in the conflict were either recognized by him or were pointed out to him.

The ground covered by the platform where he sat had trembled with the thunder of cannon, for some of the heaviest of the Federal batteries had been located there; the sward immediately about him had been torn by Confederate shells and soaked with heroes' blood. To his left, close at hand, was



MISS AGNES MACCREARY OF GETTYSBURG

At whose father's home the glee club from Baltimore was entertained the night preceding the dedication of the National Cemetery. During the exercises on the following day, the leader of the glee club used a small American flag as a baton as he directed the singing. This flag, which is shown in the photograph, was, that evening, presented by the leader to Miss MacCreary, then a young girl, who has carefully preserved it as a memento of that historic event.



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East Cemetery Hill, still showing marks of the hand-to-hand struggle that had taken place there on the night of July second. Beyond, in the same direction, were the wooded inclines that sloped up into Culp's Hill. To his right was Seminary Ridge, along whose three-cornered elevation had stretched the battle line of the Confederates. Lincoln's eye must have followed in that direction the Emmittsburg Road, which stretched along the valley past the Peach Orchard and on to the Ridge beyond. Far to the south were the Round Tops and the wooded depression where were the Valley of Death, and Devil's Den, and the Wheatfield—names fresh with interest and tragic with significance. Only a few hundred yards in front was the broken stone wall at the Bloody Angle, where the Union defenders had piled their dead in heaps in their determination that Pickett's brigade should not pass; stretching away beyond the Emmittsburg Pike toward Spangler's Woods were the undulating yellow fields across which the broken brigades of Virginians had retreated, leaving thousands of their gallant dead behind.

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The scene before him must have awakened deep and painful emotions in his sympathetic heart; it must too have started in his brain a train of far-reaching thought.

In imagination he heard again the belching cannon filling the dreamy autumn air with quaking thunder, and saw reenacted in those quiet places the horrors of battle where thousands of young men went down to death. He beheld too, far beyond the blue mountains that skirt the horizon, a thousand homes where loved ones waited through long days for faces and forms that would never return, and where they listened through long nights for footfalls that would never come.

His thought too traveled far both in time and space, as does now the significance of the words which he was soon to utter. In the background of his thinking, though he was perhaps unconscious of it, were not only the Round Tops, and the Wheatfield, and Devil's Den, but Lexington, and Trenton, and Yorktown, and, more remotely, Runnymede, and Marston Moor, and Bannockburn, and all the fields where men have contended and died for human liberty and for

JAMES DEAY
THE DAY OF DEDICATION

government which would assure to all the rights and opportunities of life.

It was an occasion when exultation or vindictiveness might quite naturally have found place in wounded hearts. Such sentiments did find a place in some parts of the program and also in the applause which the expression of those sentiments evoked. The chaplain's prayer, even, was not wholly free from the spirit of boasting and bitterness. "Lincoln's heart," says Emerson, "was as large as the world, but in it there was no room for the memory of a wrong." No suggestion of rejoicing or revenge is found in the words which, during this program, he was in his silent thought shaping into the sentences that he was to utter. As a mountain towers above all the eddying clouds and the wind-driven storms of the valley into the calm and sunshine of higher levels, his thought rose above all the passing passions of the hour and dwelt on great and abiding truths which pertain to human life and progress.

Professor Calvin Hamilton, who for many years was connected with the Gettysburg schools, and from 1891 up to the time of his

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death in 1914 was superintendent of the National Cemetery, was present on the day of dedication. One incident of that historic day at Gettysburg stood out clear in his memory. Mr. Hamilton was wounded in the battle on the second day of July, and on the nineteenth of November his arm was still in a sling. When Mr. Everett began to speak, Mr. Hamilton made no attempt to get near the speaker's stand, as to have done so would have been to risk injuring his crippled arm, so crowded was the space about the stand. He had no difficulty, however, in gaining a position close to the platform just before Mr. Lincoln arose to speak. It grew warm at midday, the people had been standing for hours, and the crowd thinned out somewhat during the time that Mr. Everett was speaking. The singing of the Baltimore Glee Club, which followed the oration, caused the crowd to move back again toward the stand, resulting temporarily in some confusion.

When the singing of the Glee Club ended, the President arose and stepped to the front of the platform. It was a stage with a setting worthy of an immortal utterance. Be-

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hind him in great circles billowed the graves of a thousand heroes who had fallen amid the crash and thunder of battle; in front of him were draped flags, and bayonets gleaming in the autumn sunlight, the blue uniforms of seasoned soldiers, some of whom had empty sleeves and some of whom leaned heavily upon crutches, and stretching away a sea of upturned faces tense with expectant interest. For a moment Lincoln, towering up in his unusual height, stood silent, his hands clasped, his head bowed. Then he lifted his face to the vast concourse of people, and in that high-pitched tenor voice so familiar to those who had heard him speak in the out-of-door political gatherings in Illinois, a voice that carried his words to the outer edges of the great crowd, he gave his now immortal Address.

The crowd became quiet when Lincoln arose to speak, but his address was so short that the people had hardly adjusted themselves to listen when he ceased. As he took his seat there was silence for a moment, then some scattered applause.

Greatness in a speech, like greatness in

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men, or in events, is usually recognized only when seen through the haze of distance which the passing years bring. As the multitude that day saw with curious but sympathetic eye this sad-faced man awkwardly sink down in his chair, how little they realized that the sentences which they had been privileged to hear would take their place among the great compositions of literature!

Mr. Carr, of Illinois, who was upon the platform at the time and was sitting near the President, says that at one point in the address Lincoln was deeply moved. As he spoke the words: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here," his hand swept in a wide circle over the hundreds of new-made graves, his lips quivered, and for a moment, his voice broke.

Lincoln while speaking held the manuscript of his address in his hand; whether he read from it or not has long been a disputed question. So positive and so contradictory are the statements upon this point made in recent years by some of those who were then present that it is hardly profitable to quote

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them. Memory is not always to be trusted as it attempts to deal with the details of events removed by half a century; what has been heard or read at a much later date may often be unconsciously incorporated as an inseparable part of what one may, in good faith, believe to be his own recollection of the original event.

Mr. Nicolay, the President's secretary, who was within a few feet of Lincoln on the platform, says in the *Century Magazine*, of February, 1894, that Lincoln did not read from the written page, though that impression was naturally left upon many of his auditors. The fact that the stenographic reports of Mr. Lincoln's words, made at the time, do not closely agree with the written manuscript which he held in his hand, goes far to justify Mr. Nicolay's assertion. If Mr. Lincoln read from the manuscript at all, he certainly did not read closely.

An Associated Press reporter took down in shorthand the words of Mr. Lincoln as he spoke, and this report was at once telegraphed to all parts of the country. The versions of these "dedicatory remarks," as

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the address was then styled, as they appeared in the dailies of the large cities on the following morning, while agreeing in all essentials, differed, and in some cases differed widely, in the use of words and in details of phrasing. These variations were doubtless due to errors in telegraphing and to errors made in the composition rooms of the newspapers. f

The State of Massachusetts was represented at the cemetery dedication by a special committee appointed by the governor. This committee in its official report includes the speeches in full of both Mr. Everett and Mr. Lincoln. Regarding the latter, it says: "Lincoln's speech, which has not generally been printed rightly, having been marred by errors in telegraphing, is appended in correct form, as the words actually spoken by the President with great deliberation were taken down by one of the undersigned." Mr. Charles Hale, a newspaper man of long experience, who was a member of the committee, is the one referred to as having stenographically reported the address.

The version of the address given by this committee is, in all probability, as correct a

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report of the actual words spoken by Lincoln on that historic occasion as the world will ever have:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract.

The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is, rather, for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the

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last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The dedication program closed with a dirge, "Oh! It is Great for Our Country to Die," sung by a large chorus, and Dr. Baugher, president of the local college, pronounced the benediction. While cannons were roaring a salute Lincoln remounted his horse and returned to the Wills home, passing, as John Hay wrote that night in his diary, "through crowded and cheering streets."



BALTIMORE STREET, GETTYSBURG

A view taken on the afternoon of November 19, 1863, as the people were returning from the cemetery. One of the few pictures of the dedication event now in existence.

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CHAPTER VI

A RECEPTION AND A VILLAGE HERO

ON their return to the village President Lincoln, Governor Curtin, the Hon. Edward Everett, and others partook of a belated luncheon at the home of Mr. Wills. A little later, in order that the thousands of visitors at Gettysburg might have an opportunity to grasp the hand of the President, a public reception was held at the Wills home. Lincoln stood in the wide hall which opens upon York Street and greeted the people as they entered. They then passed down the hall to the private office of Judge Wills, which was at the right, where Mr. Curtin, the popular governor of Pennsylvania, greeted them as they passed out into the Public Square.

Mr. Lincoln had spent his early life in communities where physical prowess was the mark of a man's worth, and in his estimation of men, he seems never to have been able to wholly disregard that standard of measurement. At a time when all his battles were

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intellectual battles and all his victories were victories of the mind, he still took great pride in his physical strength, and especially in his unusual height. Tall men whom he met were always of great interest to him and he rarely let pass an opportunity to learn just how tall they were. There is evidence that, at times, he felt something akin to disappointment, or inferiority, when he met a man who proved to be taller than himself. This phase of Lincoln's character furnished one of the few remembered incidents of this afternoon reception.

Professor Calvin Hamilton, to whom reference has been made, during the reception sat on the open stairway that ascends from the hall in the Wills house and watched the people as they greeted the President. Not long before his death Professor Hamilton said he distinctly remembered how he was impressed on that occasion by the expression of sadness upon Mr. Lincoln's face. He appeared listless, and his thoughts seemed to be far away as he shook the hands of the hundreds that passed. At length a man of unusual height entered and Mr. Lincoln's eye

A RECEPTION

immediately marked him. As the stranger approached, the President, with a new interest animating his face, grasped both his hands and held him while they talked for a moment. Professor Hamilton was not near enough to hear what was said, but we may safely assume that Lincoln had inquired how tall he was. The man passed on and the old sadness crept back into the President's face as he mechanically grasped the outstretched hands until the hour for closing the reception came.

Some light as to the real spirit of democracy which prompted the great utterance at the cemetery dedication is found in an incident that took place on the evening of that day.

John Burns, once the village cobbler, later the village constable, was at the time of the battle past seventy years of age. When, on the morning of July first, he learned that the Confederates were approaching the town along the Chambersburg Pike from the north, he slung over his shoulder his old-fashioned powder horn, filled the pockets of his linen duster with home-molded bullets,

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took down his flint-lock squirrel rifle which may now be seen in the museum at Harrisburg, and started out toward Seminary Ridge to meet the foe.

He first joined himself to the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers who were holding the hill between McPherson's barn and the woods, and he fought with them in the open until they retreated to the ridge in the rear. He then moved over to the left where the Iron Brigade was vainly attempting to hold the woods against the oncoming of superior numbers. Here, beside a tree which is still pointed out, he fought until wounded three times. When the Iron Brigade was compelled to retreat, Burns was left behind and fell into the hands of the Confederates.

The old hero, in his coat of peculiar fashion and his rifle of ancient make, furnished considerable amusement for the soldiers, until, as Bret Harte puts it,

As they gazed there crept an awe
Through the rank in whispers and some men saw
In antique vestments and long white hair,
The past of the nation in battle there.



THE STATUE OF JOHN BURNS



A RECEPTION

A fine statue of Burns now stands on the battlefield in the neighborhood of the place where he fought.

Mr. Lincoln while at Gettysburg heard the story of this hero, and at his request, according to an item in the local paper of that date, Mr. Burns was escorted to the Wills home, where, late in the afternoon at the close of the reception, he was most cordially greeted by the President.

Arrangements had been made for a patriotic meeting to be held at five o'clock in the Presbyterian church, at which Colonel Anderson, lieutenant governor-elect of Ohio, was to make the address. Mr. Wills, who was an elder in this church, planned that Mr. Lincoln should attend the service. No mental picture of that historic day stands out more distinctly in the memory of the older inhabitants of the village than that of Lincoln and John Burns walking up the middle of Baltimore Street, arm in arm, on their way from the Wills home to the church. The President, tall and erect, was taking as he usually did long strides, and the diminutive village constable beside him was able only by

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great, and not altogether graceful, effort to keep abreast. They entered the church together and occupied a pew well to the front which had been reserved for the President and his party.

In order to take his train, Lincoln was obliged to leave before the exercises were completed. As he passed down the aisle of the crowded church the people arose and many hands were stretched out for a farewell grasp.

The exercises of the day over, thousands thronged the station and the streets that led to it seeking trains to take them to their homes. Through this crowd a way was made for the President, who was loudly cheered as he passed. His train departed for Washington about six o'clock and, standing on the rear platform, he waved farewell until lost to sight in the fast coming darkness. Thus came to a close the first and only visit of Lincoln to this village whose name will be forever inseparably linked with his own.



INTERIOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GETTYSBURG

Showing the pew occupied by President Lincoln and John Burns on the evening of the day the Cemetery was dedicated.

Two tablets mark the pew. One reads: "Abraham Lincoln sat in this pew at a patriotic service held on the evening he dedicated the National Cemetery." The other reads: "John Burns, Scottish American patriot. A hero of the Battle of Gettysburg was here signally honored by the great President. Abraham Lincoln and John Burns walked arm in arm to patriotic services in this edifice on the evening of November 19, 1863. They sat together in this pew."

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CHAPTER VII

THE SPELL UPON THE MULTITUDE

THERE is a widespread impression that Mr. Lincoln's speech was, at the time of its delivery, looked upon as a failure, and that its real merit was first recognized by literary critics beyond the sea. The facts of the case hardly justify such a conclusion.

It must be remembered that Lincoln did not then hold the place of affection, not to say reverence, in the hearts of the people which now he holds; nor were his words given then the presumptive favor and significance which now we are prone to attach to whatever he may have said. The difference of mental attitude between that day and this is clearly and painfully revealed in this comment on the Gettysburg exercises taken from the issue of November 24, 1863, of the *Patriot and Union*, an influential paper published at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: "The President succeeded on this occasion because

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he acted without sense and without constraint in a panorama that was gotten up more for the benefit of his party than for the glory of the nation and the honor of the dead. . . . We pass over the silly remarks of the President; for the credit of the nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of."

It must also be remembered that the national fame of Mr. Everett as an orator, and his address of masterly and massive perfection dwarfed in the popular estimation every other part of the program.

But, notwithstanding this, there is satisfactory evidence that Lincoln's address, although perhaps a little disappointing to the crowd on account of its brevity, made a most favorable impression.

That night John Hay wrote in his diary: "Everett spoke as he always does, perfectly; and the President, in firm, free way, with more grace than is his wont, said his half-dozen lines of consecration." In Mr. Hay's thought, as in the thought of all present, Mr. Everett's address overshadowed all else on

THE SPELL UPON THE MULTITUDE

the program, yet he was impelled to say that Lincoln spoke with unusual grace and effectiveness.

The committee which was sent by Massachusetts to represent that State at the dedication, in their report to the governor said that Lincoln's address "made a profound impression." Another committee from the same State having in charge the burial of Massachusetts soldiers in the cemetery, in their final report made a few days after the dedication said that "perhaps nothing in the whole proceedings made so deep an impression on the vast assemblage, or has conveyed to the country in so concise a form the lesson of the hour as the remarks of the President. Their simplicity and force make them worthy of a prominence among the utterances from high places."

George William Curtis, in the issue of Harper's Weekly following the dedication, in speaking of some parts of the address, said that "it was as simple and felicitous and earnest a word as was ever spoken."

On November 30, 1863, there was published in the Eaton, Ohio, Register this

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

communication from one who attended the exercises: "The tall form of the President appeared on the stand, and never before have I seen a crowd so vast and restless, after standing so long, so soon stilled and quieted. Hats were removed and all stood motionless to catch the first words he should utter, and as he slowly, clearly, and without the least sign of embarrassment read and spoke, one could not mistake the feeling and sentiment of the vast multitude before him."

The Hon. Edward Everett, after the exercises, went to Washington, and on November 20, the day following the dedication, wrote a note to Mr. Lincoln thanking him for the kindness shown himself and also for favors extended to his daughter while at Gettysburg. He further wrote: "Permit me to express my great admiration for the thoughts expressed by you with such eloquent simplicity and appropriateness at the consecration of the Cemetery. My son, who parted from me at Baltimore, and my daughter concur in this sentiment."

The Rev. Dr. Remensnyder, of New York, was a student at Gettysburg when the

THE SPELL UPON THE MULTITUDE

Cemetery was dedicated and heard Lincoln give his address. He, together with many of the other students of the college, had formed an unfavorable opinion of the President because of his refusal to speak to them when they had serenaded him at the Wills home on the evening of the eighteenth; this impression was deepened the next day by what appeared to them to be his ungainly appearance as he sat in the large rocking chair upon the platform while Mr. Everett was speaking. Yet that night young Remensnyder wrote in the diary, which he still possesses, "It was as fine a speech as I have ever heard."

Statements of similar import made at the time by equally unprejudiced and unsympathetic listeners might be quoted. There can be little doubt that the address was recognized from the first as an unusual utterance, even though time, alone, with the perspective which it brings, could give it that unique place of honor in the world's esteem which now it holds.

CHAPTER VIII

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ADDRESS

MANY and widely varying accounts have been given as to the time and place of the composition of the Gettysburg Address. From presumably authoritative sources statements have come that it was written on a scrap of paper picked up from the floor of the car as Lincoln was journeying from Washington to Gettysburg; that it was written on the evening of the eighteenth at the Wills home where the President was being entertained; and even that he composed it on the platform on the day of the dedication while Mr. Everett was speaking, holding on his knee the paper upon which he wrote.

A great utterance, such as is the Gettysburg Address, is not the result of an accident; it is the outcome of an adequate preparation. About two weeks intervened between the time that Lincoln received the invitation to make "a few appropriate re-

EVOLUTION OF THE ADDRESS

marks," and the day set for the dedication, and this brief period was crowded with tasks, especially as he was preparing his message to Congress which convened in December; yet the evidence is clear that in this instance, as was his custom in similar situations, he brooded long over the line of thought that he was to follow, and chose with painstaking care the words by which his thoughts were to be conveyed.

Mr. Noah Brooks, the well-known journalist, was as a boy in Dixon, Illinois, somewhat acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, and during the war, while serving as a newspaper correspondent at Washington, he came to be on intimate terms with him. Speaking of the Saturday night immediately preceding the week when the Cemetery at Gettysburg was to be dedicated, Mr. Brooks says that the President asked him to accompany him on the following day to a photographer's, where he was to have his picture taken. The next morning, as they were leaving the house, Lincoln suddenly turned back, saying: "I have forgotten Everett." When he returned he had a copy of the Boston Journal, two

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whole pages of which were taken up with the speech that Mr. Everett was to deliver on the following Thursday at Gettysburg. As they walked on Lincoln said: "It was very kind in Mr. Everett to send me this. I suppose he was afraid I should say something that he wanted to say. He needn't have been alarmed. My speech isn't long."

"It is written then?" said Mr. Brooks.

"Well, no," said Lincoln in reply, "it is not exactly written. It is not finished, anyway. But it is short, short, short."

Statements of similar import were made by Colonel Ward H. Lamon, who was on confidential terms with the President; by John F. Defres, who was a Public Printer during Lincoln's administration; by James Speed, a member of Lincoln's Cabinet and a man of judicious and honest mind, and by Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania. The evidence is conclusive that Lincoln, before leaving Washington for Gettysburg, had written the first draft of a part, and probably of the whole, of his address.

Many statements have been made that Lincoln spent a part of his time, as he jour-

I was President of the Soldiers' National Cemetery Association at Gettysburg, having organized the Association in July 1863, shortly after the Battle.

I had charge of all the arrangements for the dedication of the Cemetery, and it was on my official invitation that President Lincoln came to the dedication on that occasion. I asked Abraham Lincoln to deliver the oration, preceded and followed several days, and then my guest.

I also invited the President to my house and he arrived there on the evening of the 18th of November, 1863. After spending part of the evening in the parlors he retired to his room. He had his colored servant, William, with him. Between nine and ten o'clock the President sent his servant to request me to come to his room. I went and found him with paper prepared to write, and he said that he had just seated himself to put upon paper a few thoughts for the to-morrow's exercises, and had sent for me to ascertain what part he was to take in them, and what was expected of him.

After a full talk on the subject I returned. About eleven o'clock he sent for me again, and when I went to his room he had the same paper in his hand, and asked me if he could see Mr. Seward. I told him Mr. Seward was staying with my neighbor, next door, and I could go and bring him over. He said "No, I'll go and see him." He went and I went with him and Mr. Lincoln carried the paper on which he had written his speech with him, and we found Mr. Seward and I left the President with him.

In less than half an hour Mr. Lincoln returned with the same paper in his hand. The next day I sat by him on the platform when he addressed his address, which has become immortal, and he read it from the same paper on which I had seen his writing the night before. He afterwards made a copy of it, of which I have a fine simile and have had a photograph of it taken. There are two or three changes in this copy from that as taken by it. Altogether on the day it was read from the platform.

David Wills

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF DAVID WILLS



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neyed to Gettysburg, in writing upon the speech he was to make. The evidence, however, clearly indicates that the President's time during the trip was almost wholly occupied in conversation with members of the party, and that he neither wrote nor made mention of his speech while on the train.

That evening, in his room in the Wills home, where he was a guest, he evidently did work upon his speech, and late in the evening sought an interview from Mr. Seward, presumably for the purpose of discussing some phase of it with him.

Mr. J. A. Rebert, of Gettysburg, was a member of Company B, Twenty-first Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, which had been recruited from Gettysburg and vicinity, and at the time of the dedication was stationed at that place. In 1891 Mr. Rebert, then living in Philadelphia, made the following statement:

"On the morning of the 19th I was detailed as orderly to President Lincoln, who was a guest of Judge Wills. About 9 A. M., I was sent to the room directly above Judge Wills's office, occupied by the President at the time.

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He requested me to wait a few minutes until he finished his writing, which I found him engaged in on entering the room. He had several sheets of note paper in front of him written in pencil, and several that he was just finishing. Both looked more like notes for reference than articles for publication. After finishing them he folded them all together and placed them in his pocket. He then wrote an order for me to deliver to Marshal Lamon, of Washington, D. C., whose headquarters were at the Eagle Hotel."

Mr. Nicolay, the President's secretary, in an article published in the Century Magazine, in February, 1894, gives invaluable information upon this whole subject, and supplements, as well as corroborates, the statements already given. He says that on the morning of the nineteenth, after breakfast, he went to Mr. Lincoln's room, and the President was at that time writing upon his address and he continued to do so up to the time that he prepared to take his place in the procession. He placed the pages upon which he was writing in his pocket, and it was these

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papers that he held in his hand while delivering his address.

This original draft of the address is made up of two sheets; the first is written in ink, the second in lead pencil. Photographic facsimiles of both are here given.

Mr. Nicolay, in the *Century Magazine* article above mentioned, discusses some interesting phases of this manuscript.

"The first page," to quote Mr. Nicolay, "is on a sheet of the letter paper at that time habitually used in the Executive Mansion, containing the plainly printed blank heading. The whole of this first page is written in ink, in the President's strong, clear hand without blot or erasure."

The fact that the last sentence on this page is incomplete naturally leads to the conclusion that when Lincoln left Washington there was a second page of the same stationery upon which, in ink, this unfinished sentence was completed; a sheet which may have contained too the remaining portion of the address.

When at Gettysburg Lincoln proceeded to complete, or to revise his address. Per-

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haps he did both. Taking a lead pencil, he crossed out the last three words of the first page and wrote above them in pencil, "We here be dedica—," at which point he took up a new sheet of paper—"not white letter-paper, as before, but bluish-gray foolscap of large size with wide lines, habitually used by him for long or formal documents, and on this he wrote out in pencil the remaining nine lines of his speech."

When Mr. Lincoln gave his address, while his thought as written and as spoken is identical, he did not give it in the same form as it stood in the manuscript which he held in his hand. In the three or four hours that intervened between his leaving the Wills home and his speaking in the Cemetery, he had evidently recast the forms of some of his sentences. Some of his ideas were enlarged upon and others were given a fuller and more rhetorical expression. When he returned to Washington, not unconscious of the merit of his remarks, and realizing the difference that existed between the address as it was written in the manuscript and as it was actually given, he made a new copy of the speech in

Executive Mansion.

Washington

1861

Four years and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that "all men are created equal."

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it, as a final resting place for those who here have given their lives for that nation. This we do, in all propriety. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow, this ground—the brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have hallowed it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is rather for us, the living, ^{here be dedicated} to these ~~honored~~ ^{hallowed} tasks.

FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE ADDRESS WHICH
LINCOLN HELD IN HIS HAND WHILE SPEAKING

The first page is written in ink, on White House stationery commonly used at that time; the second page is in lead pencil, and is on a ruled piece of paper, larger in size.

The original sheets are in the Congressional Library at Washington.

ted to the great task remaining before us -
that, from these honorable dead we take in-
creased devotion to that cause for which,
they here, gave the last full measure of our
notions - that we here highly resolve these
dead shall not have died in vain, that
the nation, shall have a new birth of free-
dom, and that government of the people, by
the people for the people, shall not
perish from the earth.

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which he recorded, as nearly as his memory enabled him to recall them, the exact words that he had used at Gettysburg. This he did doubtless before he had carefully studied the Associated Press report of his address as it was given in the city dailies.

This version of his address, known as the "Hay Manuscript," differs but slightly from the shorthand reports taken down as he spoke, save that the words, "under God," are omitted in his copy. This omission is evidently due to a slip of memory on the President's part, for there is ample evidence that he used these words when he spoke at Gettysburg.

This manuscript copy of his address, together with the two-sheet original draft of the speech which he held in his hand while he spoke, were given by Lincoln to Mr. John Hay, who had them carefully bound in a book. For half a century they remained in the keeping of the Hay family, and on April 11, 1916, were presented by them to the nation and are now in the Library of Congress at Washington.

A few days after the dedication, Mr.

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Wills, of Gettysburg, wrote the President asking for the original manuscript of his address, that it might be placed with other papers connected with the Cemetery affairs.

"To comply with this request," says Mr. Nicolay, "the President reexamined his original draft, and the version which had appeared in the newspapers, and saw that, because of the variations between them, the first seemed incomplete, and the others imperfect. By his direction, therefore, his secretaries made copies of the Associated Press report as it was printed in several prominent papers. Comparing these with his original draft, and with his own fresh recollection of the form in which he delivered it, he made a new autograph copy—a careful and deliberate revision."

Lincoln made at least four of these autograph copies of his address in this revised form, copying each with great care, that they might conform in every detail.

One was made for Mr. Wills, of Gettysburg, which was lost.

One was made in February, 1864, for Edward Everett, who had requested a copy,

2346 Mass. Ave, Washington, D.C.

Rev. O.H.Carmichael

April 11, 1916

Dear Sir: There has been in the possession of my two sisters and myself two copies of the Gettysburg Address, both of which are described by Major Lambert in the article you mention. One of them he calls the "Hay ms"., and the other the "Nicolay ms".

In the Century Magazine in the volume Nov. 1893--April 1894, page 596, Mr. Nicolay describes one of these mss. in full, and we may rely on the correctness of his information. This is the one that has one page in pencil and is the manuscript that Lincoln held in his hand when he delivered the address.

As to the other manuscript I am not sure when the President made it. We have no record, and I cannot get positive information on this point. I have spoken with Miss Helen Nicolay and with Mr. Robert Lincoln, and is fairly certain that the copy was made after Mr. Lincoln's return from Gettysburg. It was probably composed by the President when he was trying to record the address as he had delivered it, and before he had carefully studied the Press accounts.

In this connection it must be noted that the important words "under God" were included in the version as taken down in shorthand by the reporter for the Associated Press.

This conclusion is given an added value by the fact that the Hay ms. differs less from the final and standard ms. than the "Nicolay ms.", which could hardly have been the case if it had been composed prior to Nov. 19, 1863 and left at the White House

It may interest you to know that we are giving both the Gettysburg ms., and also the 2nd Inaugural Address to the Library of Congress to-day.

Sincerely yours
Clarence L. Hay

LETTER OF MR. CLARENCE L. HAY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MANUSCRIPT IN PRESIDENT
LINCOLN'S AUTOGRAPH FORMERLY OWNED BY THE
LATE JOHN HAY

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met here on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have, thus far, so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom; and that this government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

"THE HAY MANUSCRIPT"

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that it, together with the original manuscript of his own speech delivered at Gettysburg, might be sold at a fair held in New York for the benefit of the soldiers.

In the winter of 1864 a committee of prominent people in Baltimore requested from many of America's leading authors a page or two of autograph manuscript, that they might be published in facsimile in a volume the proceeds of whose sale was to go for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair, to be held in that city in the following April. Mr. Bancroft, the historian, in behalf of the Committee, made a request of Mr. Lincoln for a copy of the Gettysburg Address. The President sent an autograph copy of the address, but inadvertently wrote on both sides of the paper, which made it unavailable for lithographing purposes. Mr. Bancroft wrote to Mr. Lincoln explaining the difficulty; he also asked permission to keep the copy that had been sent, and requested another to be written upon only one side of the paper. On March 11, 1864, Mr. Lincoln complied with both requests.

This second transcript of his address sent

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by Lincoln to Mr. Bancroft was published in facsimile in a volume entitled, *Autograph Leaves from our Country's Authors*, which was issued in Baltimore in the spring of 1864.

The original copy from which this facsimile was made is now in the possession of Professor William Bliss, of Baltimore; the copy written upon both sides of the sheet, in the possession of Mr. Bancroft, became at his death the property of the Lenox Library, of New York.

Presumably in behalf of the Lincoln Memorial Commission, which has in charge the erection of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, Senator Root, of New York, on February 20, 1913, introduced a resolution in the United States Senate directing the Library Committee to ascertain and determine upon the correct version of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and to report the same to the Senate. That body referred the matter to the Librarian of Congress, who in due time made a report to the Committee of five existing versions of the address, but he did not attempt to decide which one of these should

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be considered the standard version. Accompanying his report were photographic reproductions of: (1) a facsimile of the original manuscript which Lincoln held in his hand when he made the address; (2) the speech as reported by the Massachusetts Commissioners who attended the dedication exercises; (3) the manuscript made by Lincoln for Mr. Hay immediately after his return from Gettysburg; (4) an autograph copy made by Lincoln for the Baltimore Fair; (5) a copy of the Associated Press report of the address as it appeared on the morning of November 20, 1864, in *The North American*, of Philadelphia.

These five versions agree in all essentials; they differ only in the minor matter of words and phrasing.

The Library Committee has never made a report to the Senate, but the material which they gathered was made accessible to the Memorial Commission. This Commission, with the assistance of Colonel Robert T. Lincoln, after careful consideration, decided to use on the tablet in the Lincoln Memorial the version of the address which Lincoln on

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March 11, 1864, made and sent to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair in Baltimore, and which appeared in facsimile in the volume entitled Autograph Leaves from Our Country's Authors.

The placing of this version of the address in the great Memorial to the martyred President will determine for all time the standard and authorized form of this great utterance.

*Address delivered at the dedication of the
Cemetery at Gettysburg*

*Four score and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth on this continent, a new na-
tion, conceived in liberty, and dedicated
to the proposition that all men are cre-
ated equal.*

*Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
testing whether that nation, or any nation
so conceived and so dedicated, can long
endure. We are met on a great battlefield
of that war. We have come to dedicate a
portion of that field, as a final resting
place for those who here gave their lives
that that nation might live. It is alto-
gether fitting and proper that we should
do this.*

But, in a larger sense, we can not ded-

FACSIMILE OF MR. LINCOLN'S AUTOGRAPH COPY OF THE
GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Made by him March 11, 1864, for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore.

This version of the address will appear on the tablet in the great Lincoln Memorial at Washington, and now is accepted as the final and authorised form of this great utterance.

etc— we can not consecrate— we can not
hallow— this ground. The brave men, living
and dead, who struggled here have con-
secrated it, far above our poor power to add
or detract. The world will little note, nor
long remember what we say here, but it can
never forget what they did here. It is for
the living, rather, to be dedicated here to
the unfinished work which they who fought
here have thus far so nobly advanced.
It is rather for us to be here dedicated to
the great task remaining before us— that
from these honored dead we take increased
devotion to that cause for which they gave
the last full measure of devotion— that
we here highly resolve that these dead shall
not have died in vain— that this nation,
under God, shall have a new birth of free-
dom— and that government of the people,
by the people, for the people, shall not per-
ish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.

CHAPTER IX

A PRODUCT OF TRAINING AND OF GENIUS

I

LINCOLN was not a student of the science of government, nor was he trained in the great school of diplomacy, yet when Stanton on the morning of April 15, 1865, softly passed out of the chamber where Lincoln lay dead, he voiced in his words the verdict of history: "Yonder lies the greatest ruler of men this world has ever known."

Lincoln had never studied the art of elocution, nor was he a student of the great masters of oratory, yet a well-known English jurist when asked to name the greatest British orator of the nineteenth century, answered: "Lincoln, the American."

He had in a desultory way picked up much from Burns, and from Shakespeare, and, especially, from the English Bible, but in no conventional sense was he a master in the realm of literature. He had attended school

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less than one year in his life, and was almost wholly unacquainted with the literary men or the literary movements of his own time; yet in Oxford University, where the memory of Addison as a source of English undefiled is proudly cherished, Lincoln's Bixby letter and his Gettysburg Address are studied as perfect specimens of English composition.

But Lincoln's mastery in any one of these spheres of life was not an effect without a cause. It was a product of educational processes, albeit the processes were unconventional. He reached his goals as others do by weary travel, but he traveled unfamiliar ways; he attained his heights by toiling upward in the night, but he toiled along unusual and unfrequented paths.

Aside from a poetic element, two characteristics mark Lincoln's literary style, and these stand out preeminent in his Gettysburg Address. In the first place there is the comprehensive and perfect grasping of great ideas; then these ideas and their logical relations are expressed in language that is condensed, crystalline, and perfectly simple.

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These qualities of style were attained by Lincoln as the result of tireless effort.

The Cooper Union address, given in February, 1860, marked Lincoln's introduction to the East; the speech made a favorable impression, and as a result he was invited to speak at several points in New England. On the evening of March 9 he spoke at Norwich, Connecticut, and the Rev. John D. Gulliver, a keen critic who was in the audience, was greatly impressed, as were others, by Mr. Lincoln's ability to express the most profound ideas with the utmost simplicity. It was Dr. Gulliver's good fortune the next morning to share with Lincoln the same seat on a train leaving Norwich. Conversation turned to the address of the night before, and Dr. Gulliver at length ventured to ask Lincoln how he obtained his education. The reply is most interesting.

"Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct. I never went to school more than six months in my life. I can say this: that among my earliest recollections I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when any one talked to me in a way I



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could not understand. I do not think I ever got angry at anything else in my life; but that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings.

"I could not sleep, although I tried to, when I got on such a hunt for an idea until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over; until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me and has stuck by me; for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north and bounded it south, and bounded it east and bounded it west."

Lincoln was never satisfied until an idea was focused upon the screen of his thought so that the image did not blur, but had an outline clear-cut and precise. He strove in



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT GETTYSBURG AS IT APPEARED IN 1863



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his mental processes until a fact stood out, detached, so that he, in thought, could go around it as one may walk around a statue in a gallery.

His persistent effort to grasp a truth clearly was equaled only by his eagerness to be able to express it clearly. He entered the political field when he was in his early twenties, and his first speeches were not given before large audiences where there is the temptation to make appeals to the emotions, or indulge in oratorical flourishes and glittering generalities. He spoke in those days more often to a dozen earnest but simple men in country schoolhouses, or in public stores, or to groups of two or three as they worked in the woods or in the fields, and under these conditions the one thing he strove for was so to present some truth that the least intelligent of his hearers could not fail to comprehend it.

His skill in these directions, the product of his persistent effort, is strikingly exhibited in his legal methods and in his handling of political questions. Many times his clients were in despair as point after point in their

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cases was allowed to fall, but he never threw away the one point that enabled him to win. In his Douglas debates his friends were often alarmed lest he should concede too much to his wily antagonist, but he never conceded those fundamental positions against which the eloquence and specious arguments of his opponent broke in vain.

In the opening days of the Civil War there was much confusion of thought as to what the real issue at stake was, and in what direction the first step of duty was to be taken. Mr. Seward advocated a foreign war as a means of diverting attention from difficulties at home; Greeley, speaking of the seceding States, advised that the erring sisters be permitted to go in peace; the abolitionists, scared by the fires which they themselves had kindled, advanced, as Carlyle would say, their one or more opinions. In this confusion of statement growing out of a confusion of thought, Lincoln said, "I see my duty before me as plain as a turnpike road." The real force of this figure will be appreciated only by those who in the Lincoln country have seen a turnpike stretching across the

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prairies as straight as a chalkline from horizon to horizon.

No President ever saw, or ever stated, more clearly the central purposes of his administration than Lincoln stated his in the famous communication to Horace Greeley. The reasonings of Euclid in his demonstrations are not more inevitable than are Lincoln's in this letter.

It was this feature of the Gettysburg address which led Mr. Everett to say to Lincoln on the day following the dedication that he would be glad if he could flatter himself in thinking that he came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as Lincoln came in two minutes.

II

We are, however, all too prone to seek the sources of men's power in their educational opportunities and privileges. All that men possess in the way of mental equipment is not the product of educational processes. Nature gave something to the Scotch lad born in the thatched cottage by the Doon which was above and aside from all that

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training could do. Nature gave something to the boy born in the English village on the Avon which no educational system is capable of giving. And to this boy, born in the woods of Kentucky, nature gave, in a fullness of measure that the schools cannot impart, the literary sense, a feeling for the cadence of words, a tenderness and sympathy linked with poetic insight and vision which enabled him to see the facts of human life in a setting of mystery and pathos suggestive of sentiments that touch the borderland of tears.

In the Presidential campaign of 1844, when Lincoln was thirty-six, he was invited to make some political speeches in Indiana. Among the places which he visited was Gentryville, his boyhood home, which he had not seen since the day he left, fifteen years before. He greeted again his old friends and, for the time being, lived over again the old days. He walked through the empty rooms of the humble cabin which for years had been his home; he followed the old paths which he had traveled as a bare-footed boy. He visited the grave of his mother and of his

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sister in the neglected cemetery which brought back to him the memory of the first great sorrow that darkened his boyhood days.

Shortly after this visit to Gentryville he wrote the following poem:

My childhood's home I see again
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

O Memory! thou midway world
"Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise,

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seem hallowed, pure, and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
And bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle-notes that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known but know no more.

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Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray;
And half of all are dead.

I hear the loved survivors tell
How naught from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

This, perhaps, is not great poetry, but
it reveals the presence, in no mean degree, of
the poetic sense and the poetic feeling.

On the morning of February 11, 1861,
while scattered flakes of snow were begin-
ning to drift across the air prophetic of the

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coming winter storm, even as his few parting words were prophetic of the storm that was so soon to break across his life and the nation's, he bade his old neighbors and friends at Springfield a last farewell. He stood on the rear platform of the last coach while the crowds thronged the spaces about the train. His remarks were, apparently, unpremeditated, yet his words took the form of rhythmic beauty, and his thought, like that of the Hebrew prophets at their best, touched the simple and the elemental things of life.

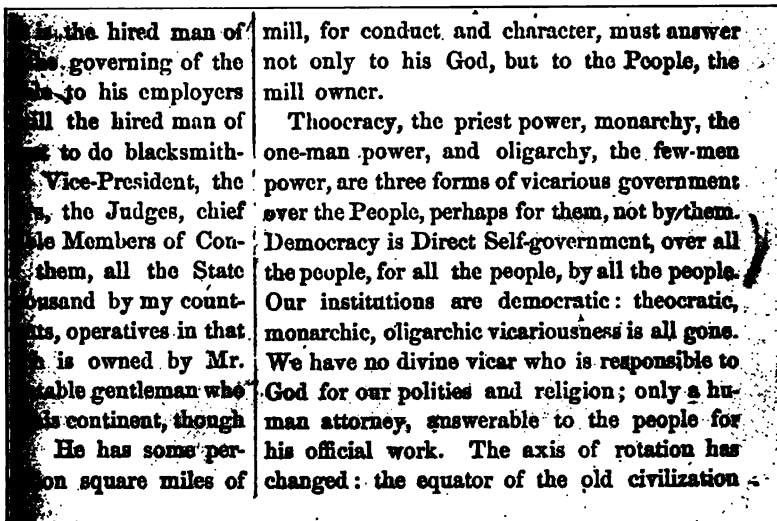
"My friends: no one, not in my position, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being, who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me,

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and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

At Lincoln's suggestion Seward wrote a closing paragraph for the First Inaugural Address. It was clear, logical, and effective but it was prose; Lincoln touched it and it became poetry. "I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield, and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

On November 21, 1864, President Lincoln wrote a letter to Mrs. Lydia Bixby, of Boston, which for depth of pathos and for beauty and simplicity of expression ranks, in the opinion of some, hardly second to the Gettysburg address.



Several years ago, when William H. Herndon, of the law firm of "Lincoln and Herndon," was clearing out the law office preparatory to leaving Springfield, Mr. Jesse W. Weik was invited to assist in sorting out papers and letters which had accumulated.

On top of one of the bookcases was a dust-covered pasteboard box placed there apparently by Mr. Lincoln some time before he left for Washington. In the box were several bundles of papers, one of which was laconically labeled, in Lincoln's handwriting: "If you can't find it elsewhere look in this." In this box were two pamphlets by Theodore Parker which now are in the possession of Mr. Weik.

One pamphlet is an address delivered by Mr. Parker, May 26, 1858; on page five is this sentence: "Democracy-The-All-Men-Power: Government over all, by all, and for the sake of all." Around this Lincoln had drawn a line with a lead pencil.

The other pamphlet is a sermon by Mr. Parker, given July 4, 1858, at Boston; on page five is this sentence: "Democracy is Direct Self-Government, over all the people, for all the people, by all the people." As is shown in the photograph above, Lincoln had marked this sentence on the margin. Further on, on page fourteen, was also this marked sentence: "Direct Government over all the people, by all the people, for all the people."

These marked passages are interesting in view of the question as to the origin in Lincoln's mind of the famous sentence with which he closes his Address.



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"I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

Mr. Jesse W. Weik, joint author with W. H. Herndon of *The Herndon and Weik Life of Lincoln*, plausibly points out what, in all probability, suggested to Lincoln the sublimest passage in his Second Inaugural.

Mr. Lincoln was a constant reader of the *Chicago Tribune*, and he could hardly have missed seeing a leading editorial of that paper in its issue of August 12, 1862, en-

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titled "The Justice of the Almighty." It was an able but rather an extreme and prosy article dwelling upon the wealth which slavery had brought to America, and how, in the justice of God, that wealth must needs be swept away in the war which slavery brought; and that as the life of the slave had not been held as a sacred thing, so now on battlefield and in hospital the life of his oppressor was held as cheap and common.

As Shakespeare took some homely tale told by stammering lips about a village hearth and by the touch of his genius lifted it into immortal interest and significance, so Lincoln by the touch of poetic insight raised this commonplace newspaper article to the level of the world's great utterances.

"Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said:

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The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

III

The Gettysburg address does not stand out as an exception among the utterances of Lincoln. It is the natural and the logical product of his methods of thought and of his genius of spirit.

He had received the invitation to be present at Gettysburg on November 19, and to speak the words of dedication setting aside a portion of the battlefield as a final resting place for those who had there given up their lives. In connection with the invitation Judge Wills had written at some length expressing his earnest wish that the President might accept, and stating that his presence would be a consolation to many mourners whose loved ones had fallen in the battle; and that it would be a source of encouragement to the soldiers at the front who were bravely fighting the nation's battles, to know that their companions now sleeping on the battlefield were not forgotten by the nation's highest representatives. Over this sugges-

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tion Lincoln brooded, as occasion in those busy days gave opportunity. The causes back of great movements in history are fully understood, not before, but after they have worked out their results. We can clearly define issues only after the shouting and the tumult ceases and when the captains and the kings depart. But while the air was still sulphurous with cannon smoke and the ground still trembling with the shock of civil strife, Lincoln saw, as perhaps no other man of the period did, the causal ideas at the heart of the struggle. Clear-cut on the screen of his thought was imaged the fundamental meaning of the sacrifice of these men who had died at Gettysburg, and also a clear sense of the obligation which that sacrifice imposed upon the living.

These simple but comprehensive ideas were touched and colored by the poetic genius of his spirit, now chastened by the red years during which he had worn the thorn-crown of a people whose sorrows his love had made his own, and the result was the great address, America's only Psalm.



"THEY DID NOT DIE IN VAIN"

A modern view of the National Cemetery where are buried over three thousand five hundred Union soldiers, nearly one thousand of whom are in graves marked "Unknown."

The platform from which Lincoln spoke stood on the spot now occupied by the National Monument, in the circle, and faced to the left of the picture.

The village of Gettysburg is to the right of the picture, the citizens' cemetery to the left, the Round Tops are seen in the distance.

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CHAPTER X

LEST WE FORGET

NOTWITHSTANDING Lincoln's modest disclaimer, the world will long remember what he said at Gettysburg. Truth only is eternal, and the world will cherish what he said there long after it has forgotten what men did there. The address, more and more, is seen to be the expression in the highest form of literary art of the central motive of his great career, and it prophetically imaged the achievement which makes his name and his place in history secure. The purpose and the victory of his life are both revealed in the thought which runs through those immortal sentences and which culminates in those closing words, half a prophecy and half a prayer, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

It was a noble ideal that dominated Lincoln's political thinking; and it was a happy

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combination of circumstances that enabled him to give utterance in immortal form to it on one of the high places of the battlefield, where it was decisively determined that that ideal should be translated into terms of national law and life.

At the nation's capital, in the shadow of the great shaft which commemorates the character and the work of Washington, stands a noble memorial to Lincoln. It is not a museum, where is exhibited the hat or the coat he wore, the pen he used or the books he read, that men in melancholy interest may muse over a strange but perished past. It is not his tomb, where men may gather and in pensive mood lament over the dust of a fallen leader. It is a stately structure as simple and as massive as was his character and as enduring as is his fame.

In the spacious interior of this memorial only three objects stand out of the simple grandeur to centralize attention. To the back of the main hall, facing the entrance, is, in heroic size, French's figure of the Martyr. On the unadorned marble wall to the right is inscribed the Second Inaugural, where, in

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language as dignified and as beautiful as is the language of a Hebrew prophet, Lincoln speaks of justice and of mercy. On the wall to the left, in similar simplicity, is the Gettysburg Address, whose familiar words speak of that ideal of government where sovereignty rests with the many, and where all the ends of law and power is the largest good for all the people.

As far as stone and bronze can translate into thought ideals that are spiritual, this memorial will be the symbol of the living influence of Lincoln, who, though dead, yet speaketh.

To Americans, Lincoln's life will ever be a silent power pointing, not backward to "the past's blood-rusted keys," but forward, where on heights of democracy not yet reached the vision of a new freedom and a new brotherhood in American life still beckons.

In one version of the Address the closing sentence reads, "that *this* government of the people, by the people, for the people"; in its final form, however, this sentence was made to read, "that government of the people, by

